

From The Pages Of The BOYS™

Highland Laddie™

DYNAMITE 6



From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

Highland Laddie™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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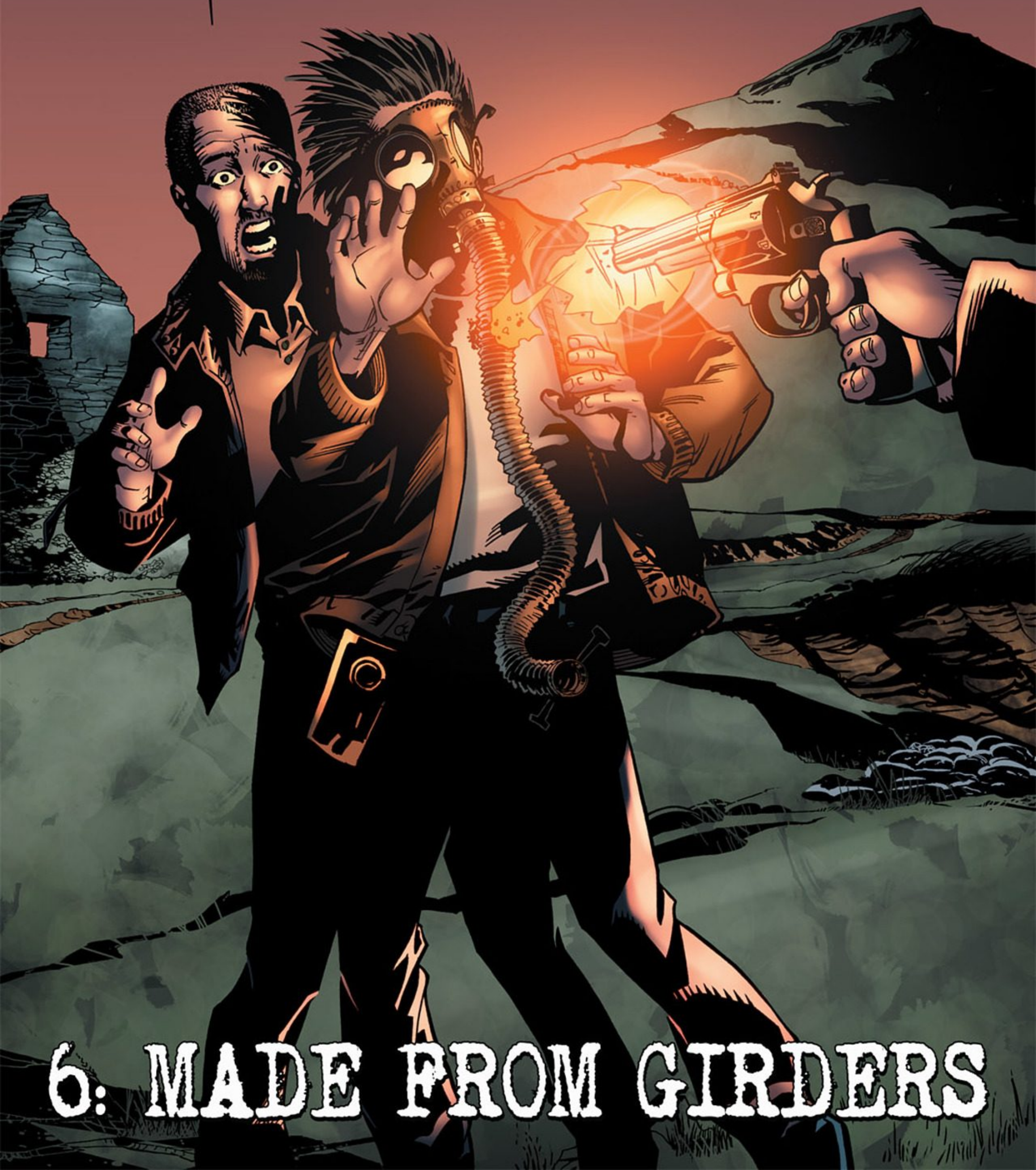
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DET!!



6: MADE FROM GIRDERS





AW,
FOR--

WHAT
THE FUCK'S
HAPPENIN'
TONIGHT...?



FUCK THIS
FOR A GAME
O' CUNTS AN'
ROBBERS!



HHH--
HHH--

DET, SHUT
UP--YOU'VE BEEN
SHOT, YOU DAFT
BASTARD, YOU'VE--
OH, **FUCK**...!

HUGHIE--!

DET, WHAT
THE FUCK
WHERE YOU
DOIN'...?



NEEDED
MONEY
FOR--

OPERATION
IN CHINA--

SAID
THEY'D GET
RID O' MY--

PONG...!



DET?!



AW NO,
DET, NO!
DON'T!

DON'T,
MATE...!



WE
GIVE UP!



HUUHH

HUUHH

HUUHH

UH?



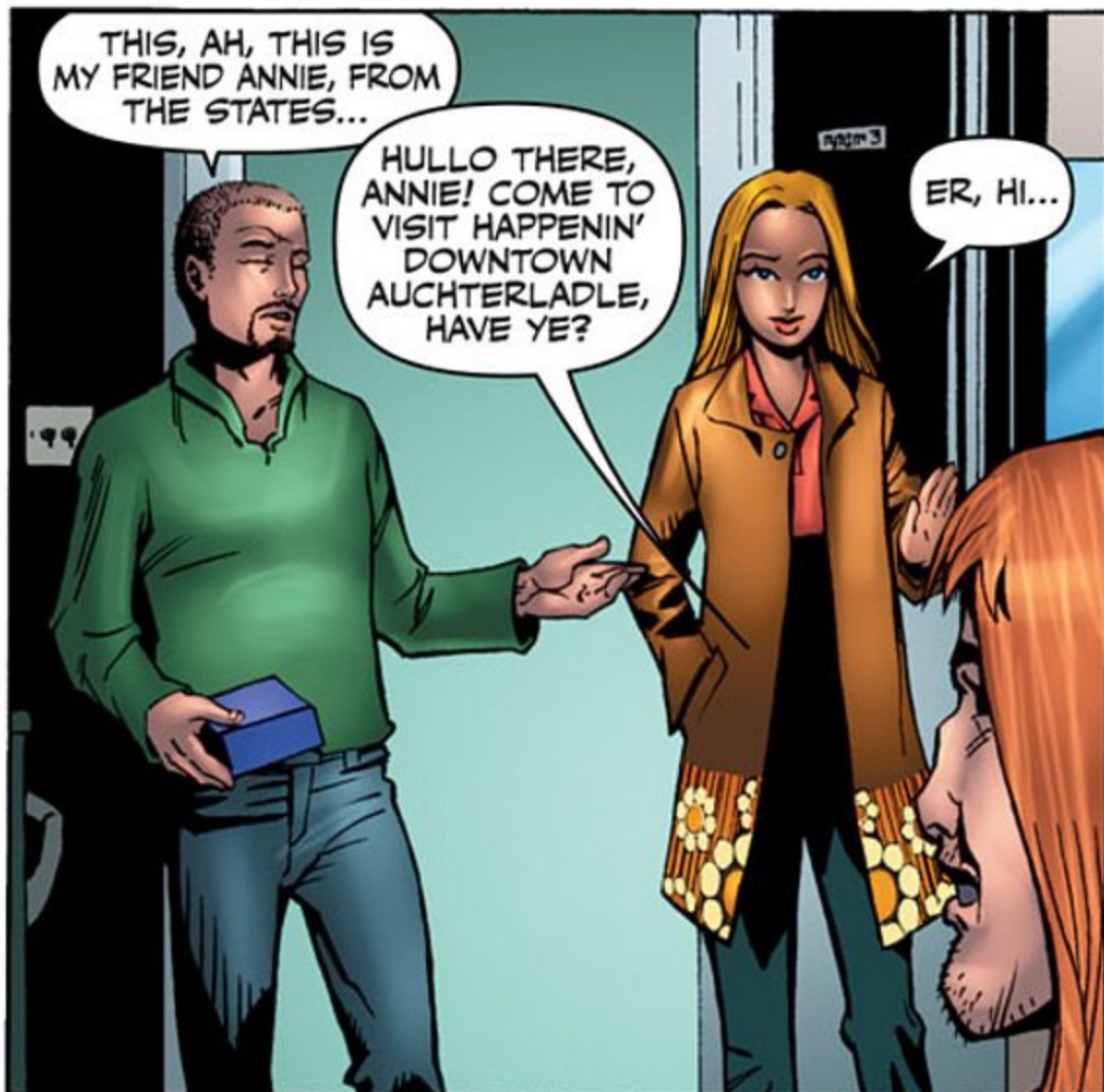
WHO...?



YOU'RE
CLAIMED,
YOU FUCKIN'
CUNT!









CHRIST, I'M GLAD I MISSED THAT. AN'--

SHE REALLY...CUT YOUR...?

SNIPPED IT RIGHT OFF. THEY WERE GONNA TRY AN' SEW IT BACK ON FOR ME, BUT I THOUGHT--WAIT A MINUTE, I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO GET THIS DONE FOR AGES...

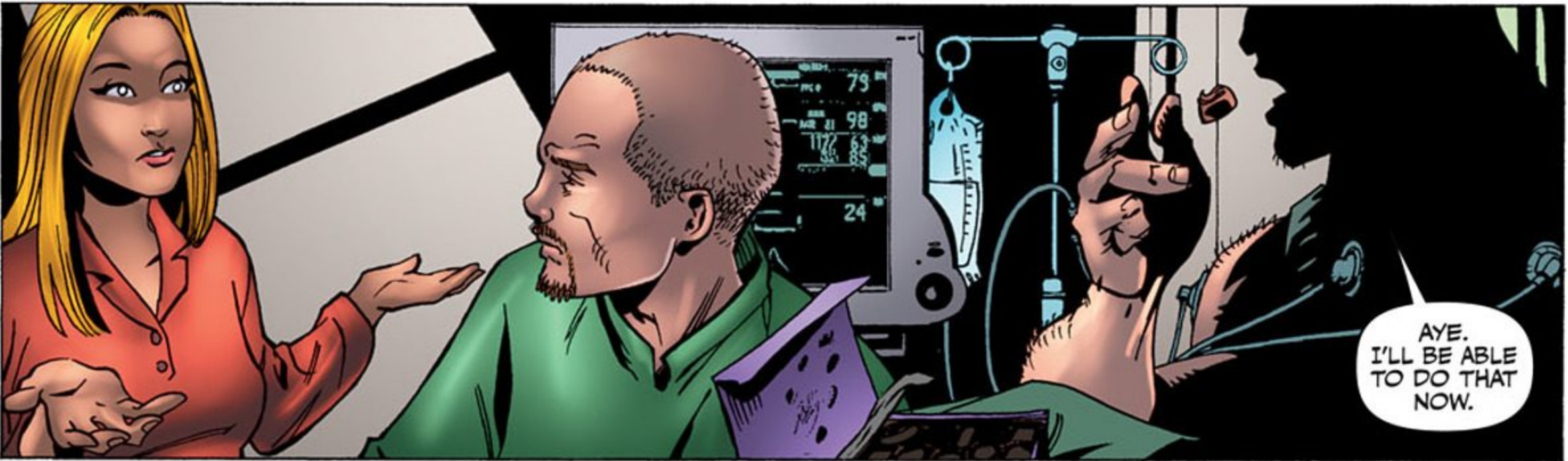


SO I'M GONNA GET RID O' MY CRIGS AN' THEN THEY'LL SORT ME OUT W/ GIRL'S BITS, AN' THEN THAT'LL BE ME ALL DONE.

HEHEH...!

WHAT'S THAT THING CALLED WHERE TWO LESBIANS RUB THEIR FANNIES TOGETHER? UH...

THE SCISSORS?



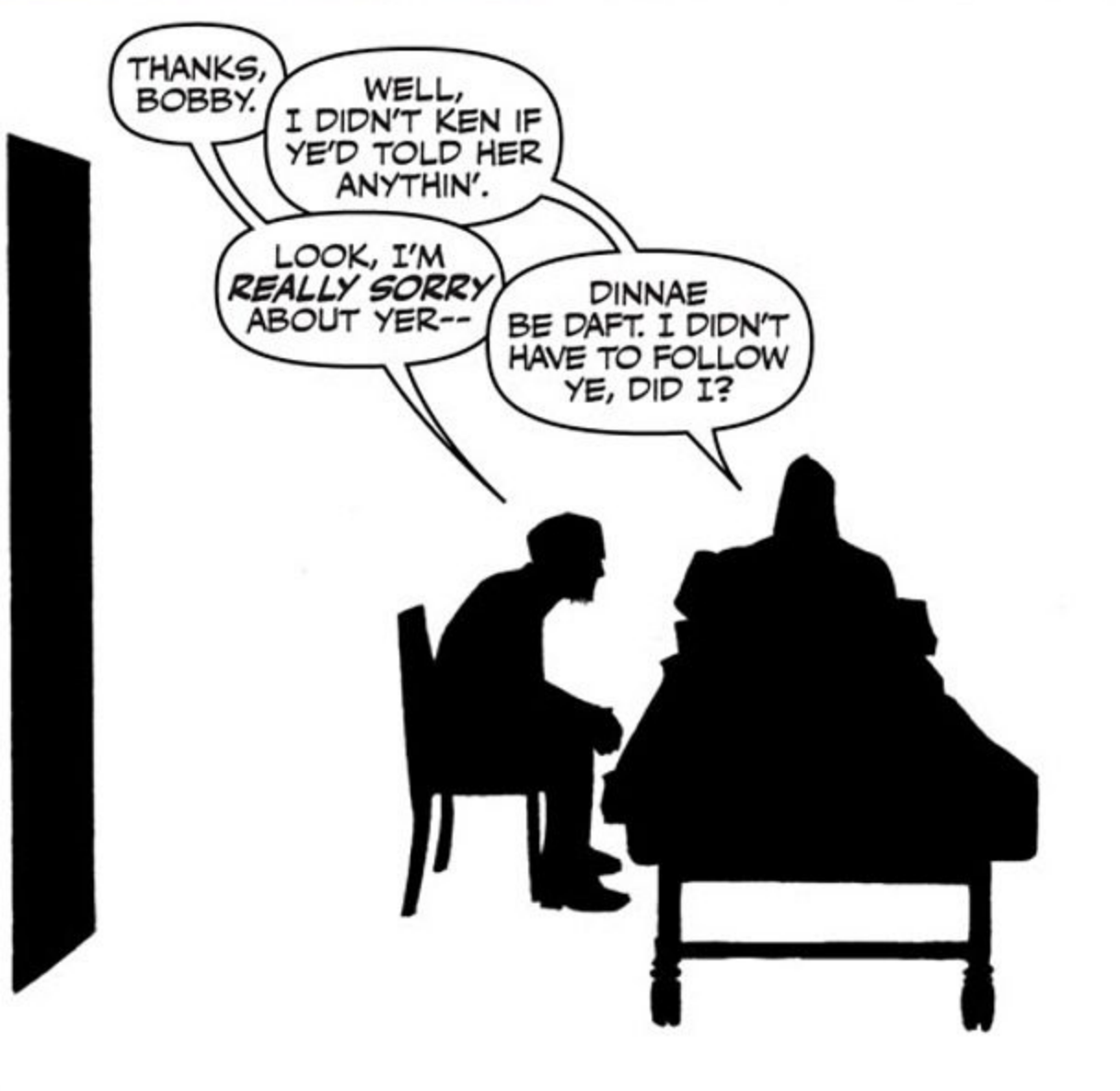
AYE. I'LL BE ABLE TO DO THAT NOW.



ANNIE, WOULD YOU BE A PET AN' SEE IF YE CAN GET US A JUG O' WATER? I'M PARCHED HERE, SCOFFIN' AW' THIS CHOCOLATE...

SURE. I'LL LEAVE YOU GUYS TO IT.

CHEERS, DOLL.



THANKS, BOBBY.

WELL, I DIDN'T KEN IF YE'D TOLD HER ANYTHIN'.

LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT YER--

DINNAE BE DAFT. I DIDN'T HAVE TO FOLLOW YE, DID I?

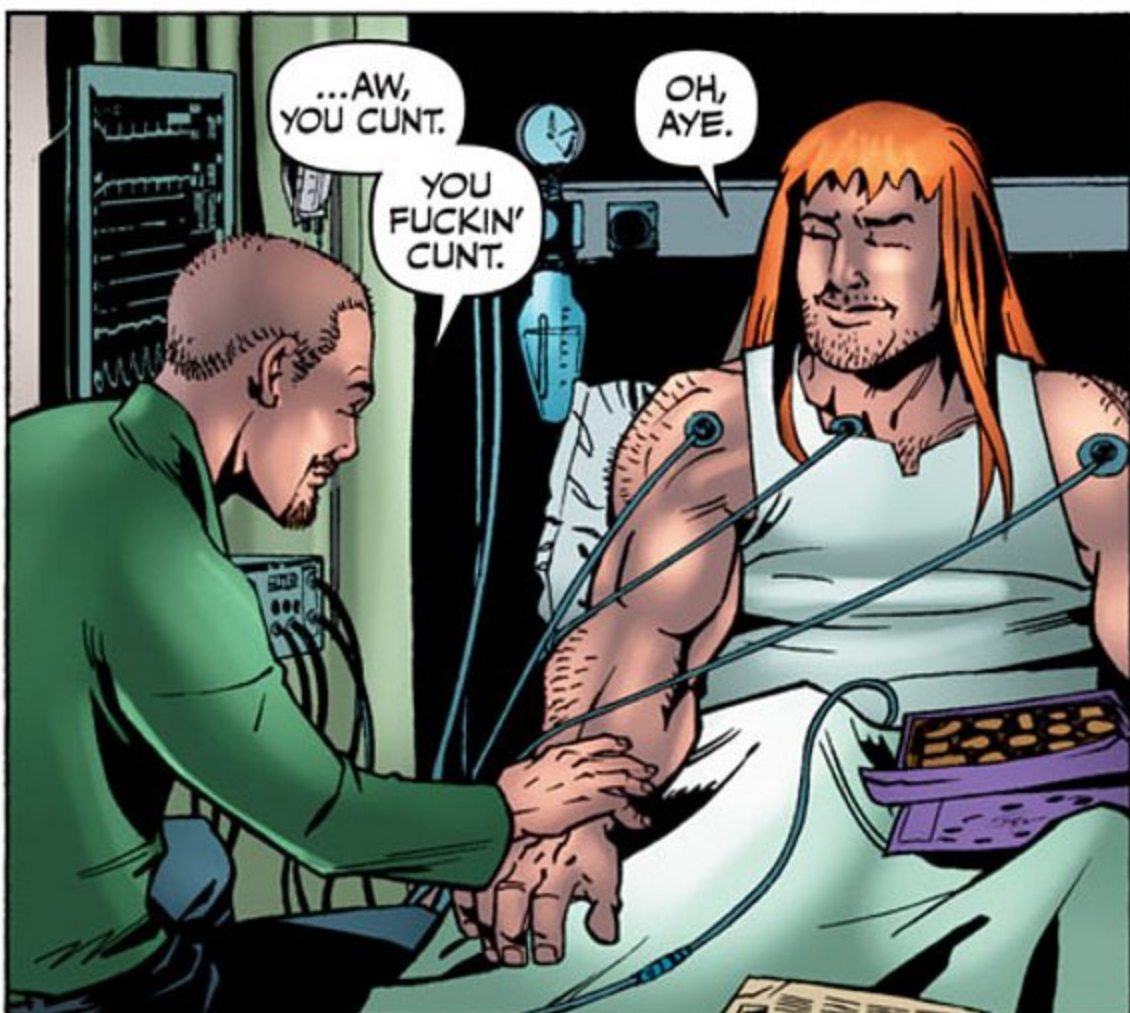
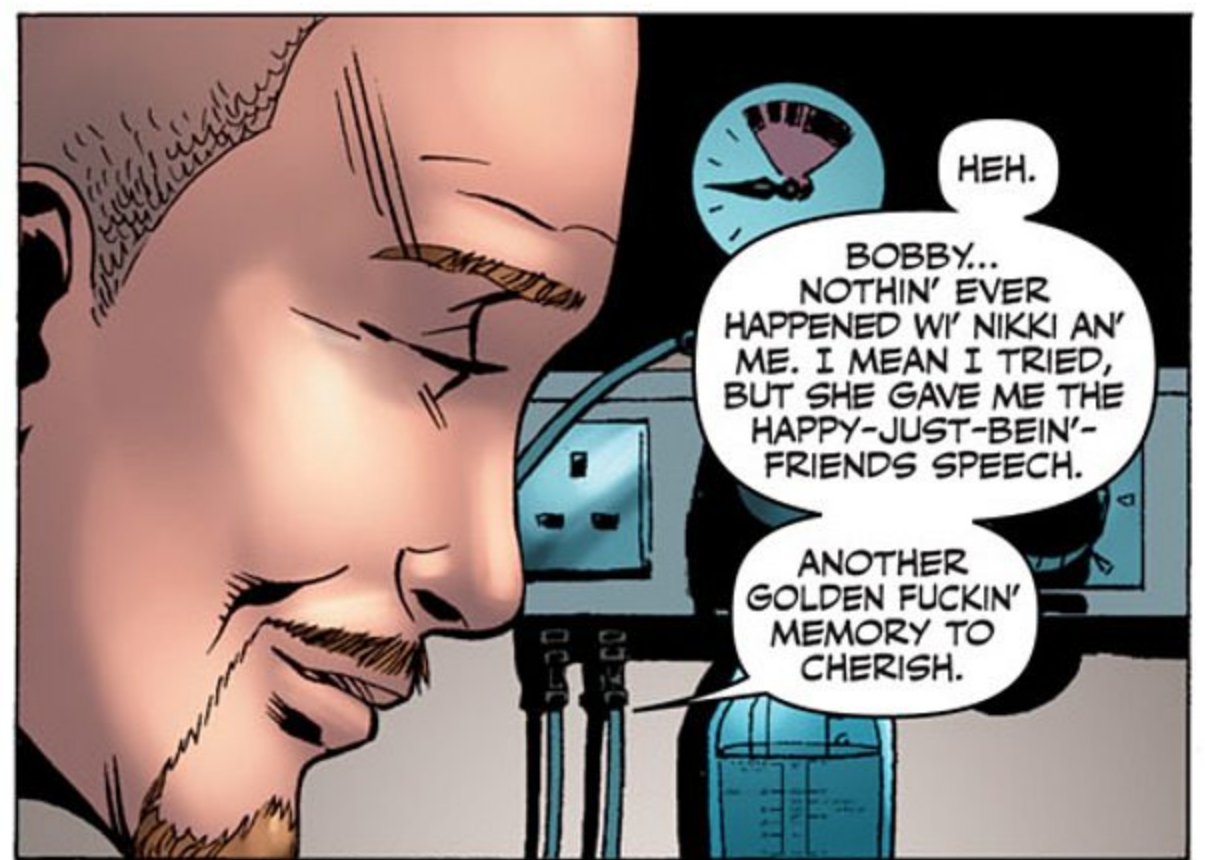


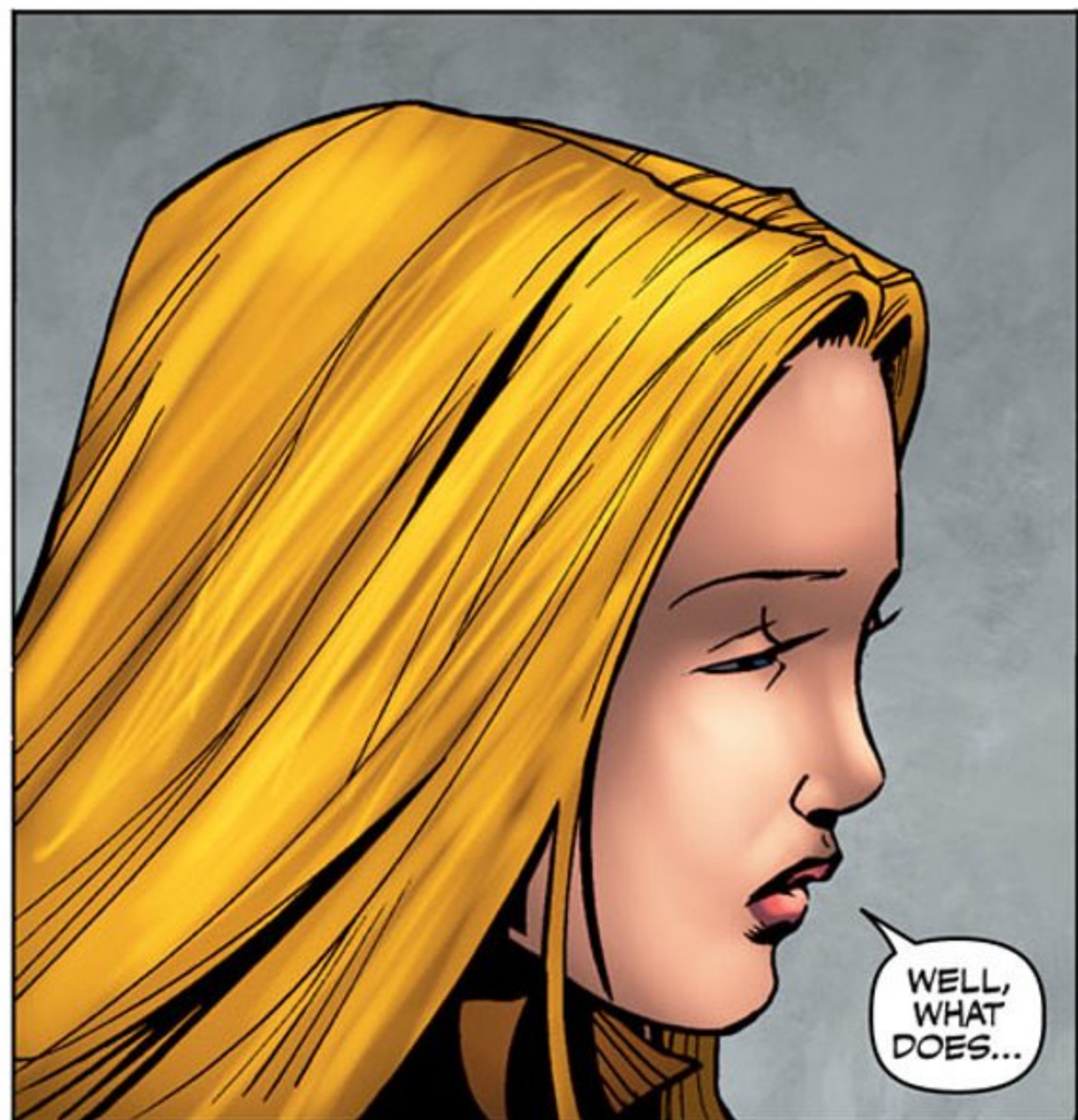
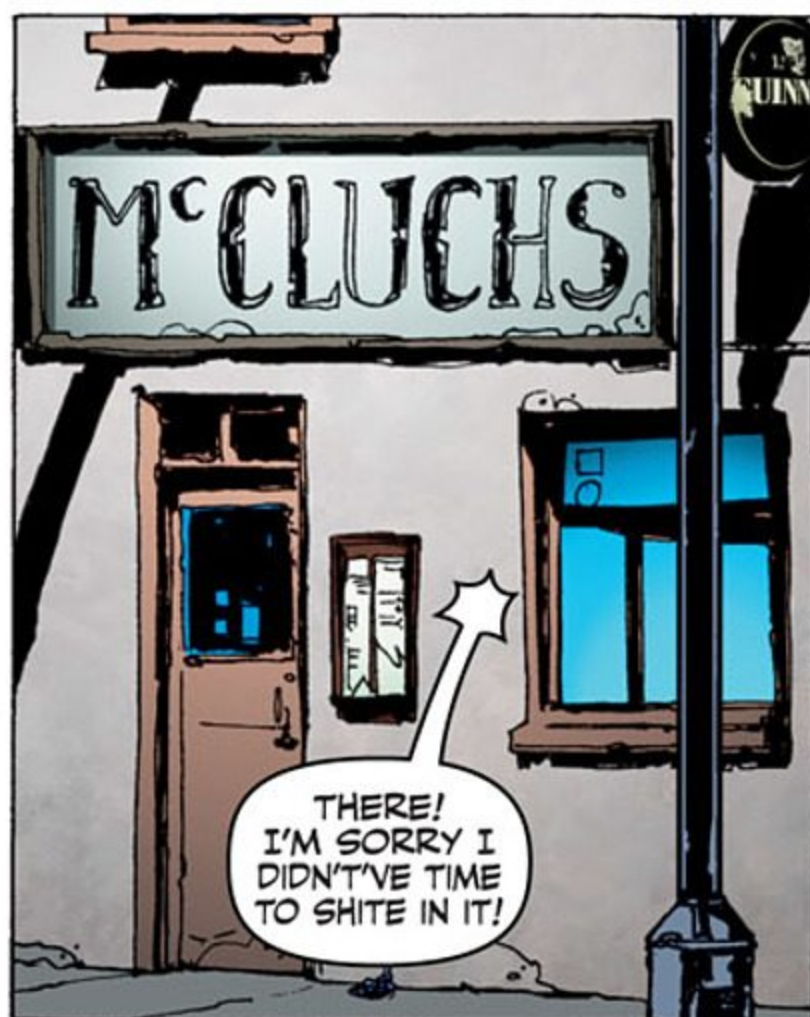
POOR OLD DET.

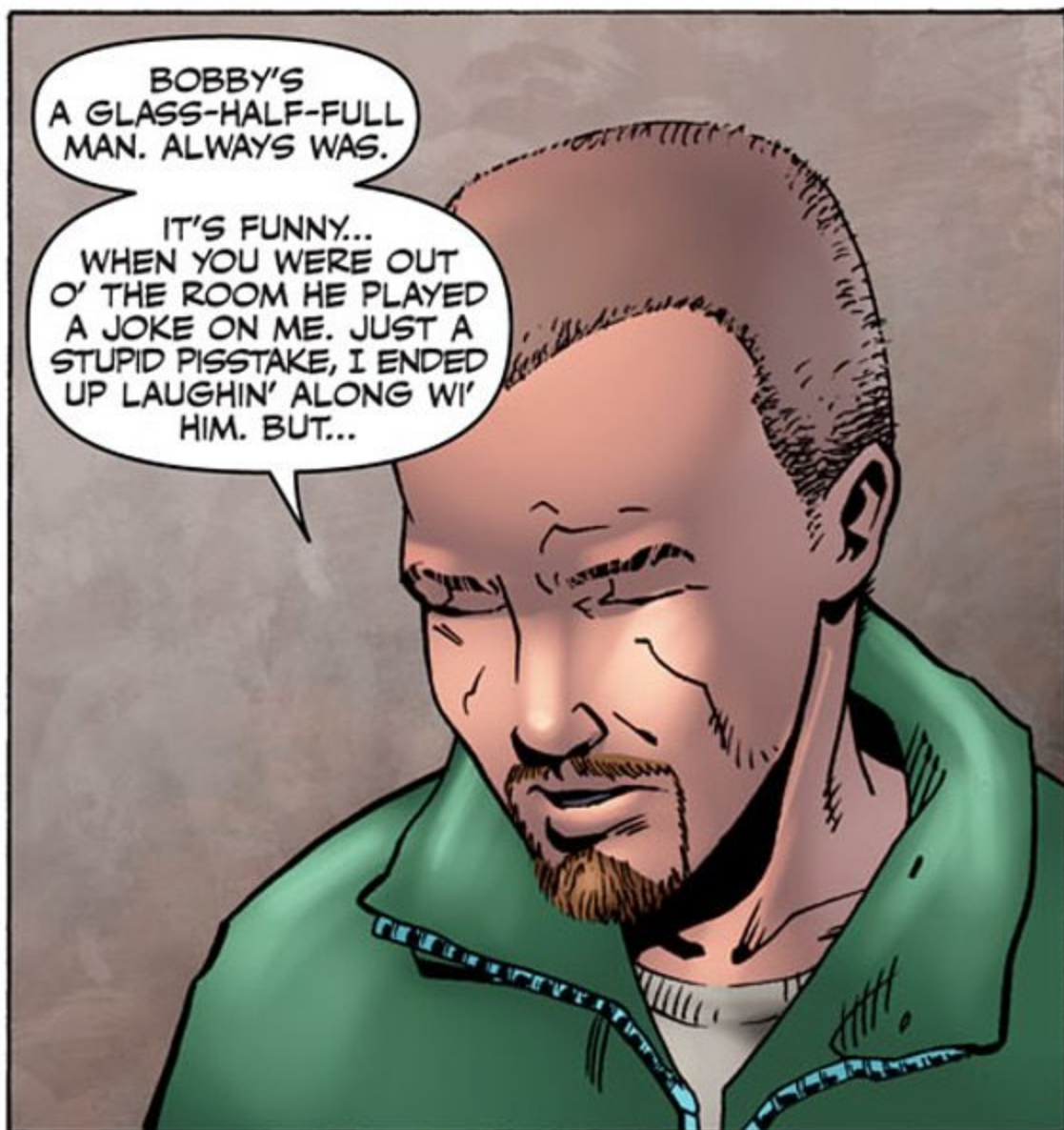
AYE.

I MEAN HE WAS MESSIN' ABOUT W/ SOME BAD BASTARDS, BUT...

POOR WEE PRICK.









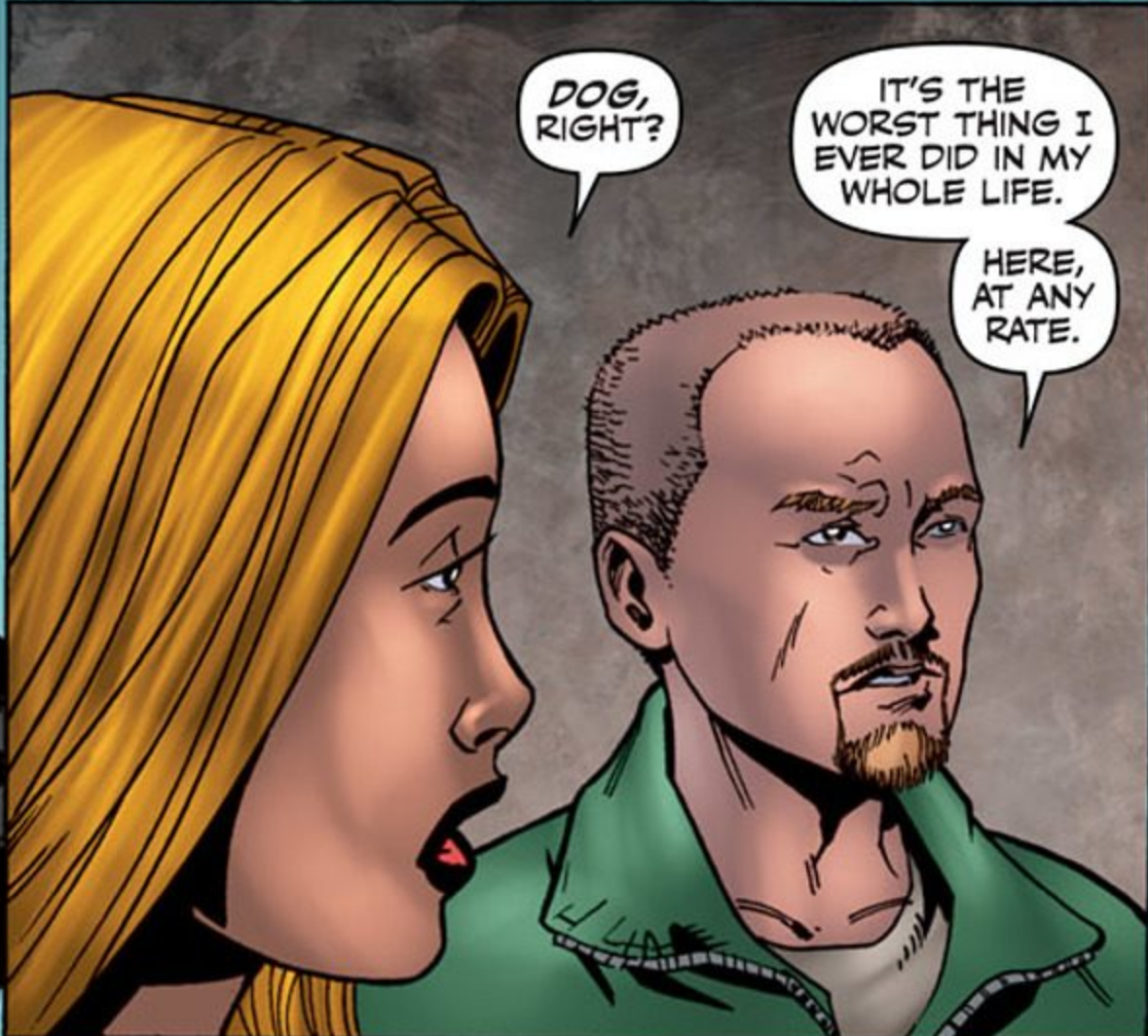
I'D NO IDEA THE PLACE WAS SUCH A HORNET'S NEST.

AW, I'M EXAGGERATIN'. PART O' THE PROBLEM'S ME, I CAN NEVER RELAX, NEVER JUST SETTLE DOWN.



BUT THERE ARE A COUPLE O' THINGS.

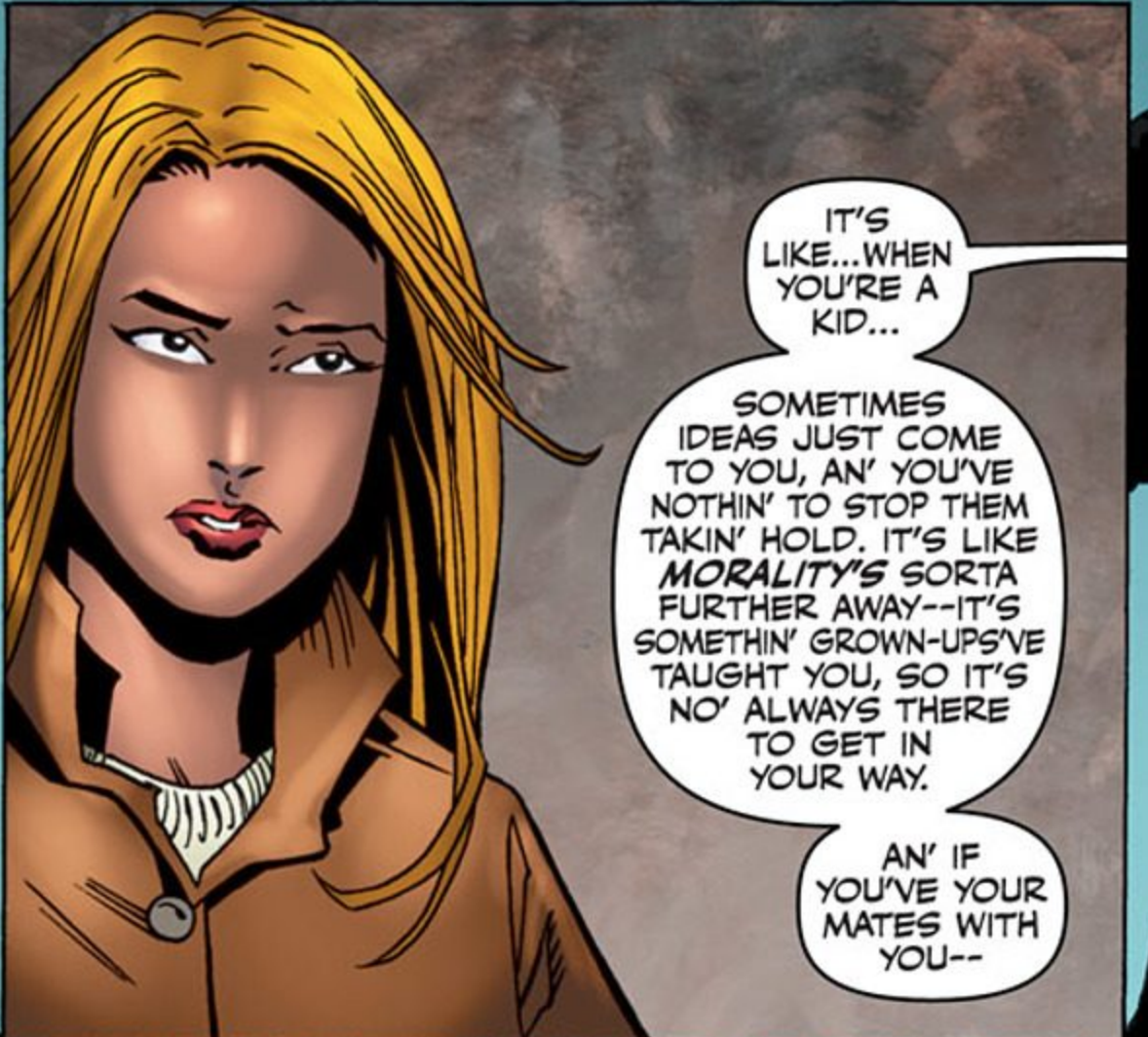
THERE WAS THE WEE DUG.



DOG, RIGHT?

IT'S THE WORST THING I EVER DID IN MY WHOLE LIFE.

HERE, AT ANY RATE.

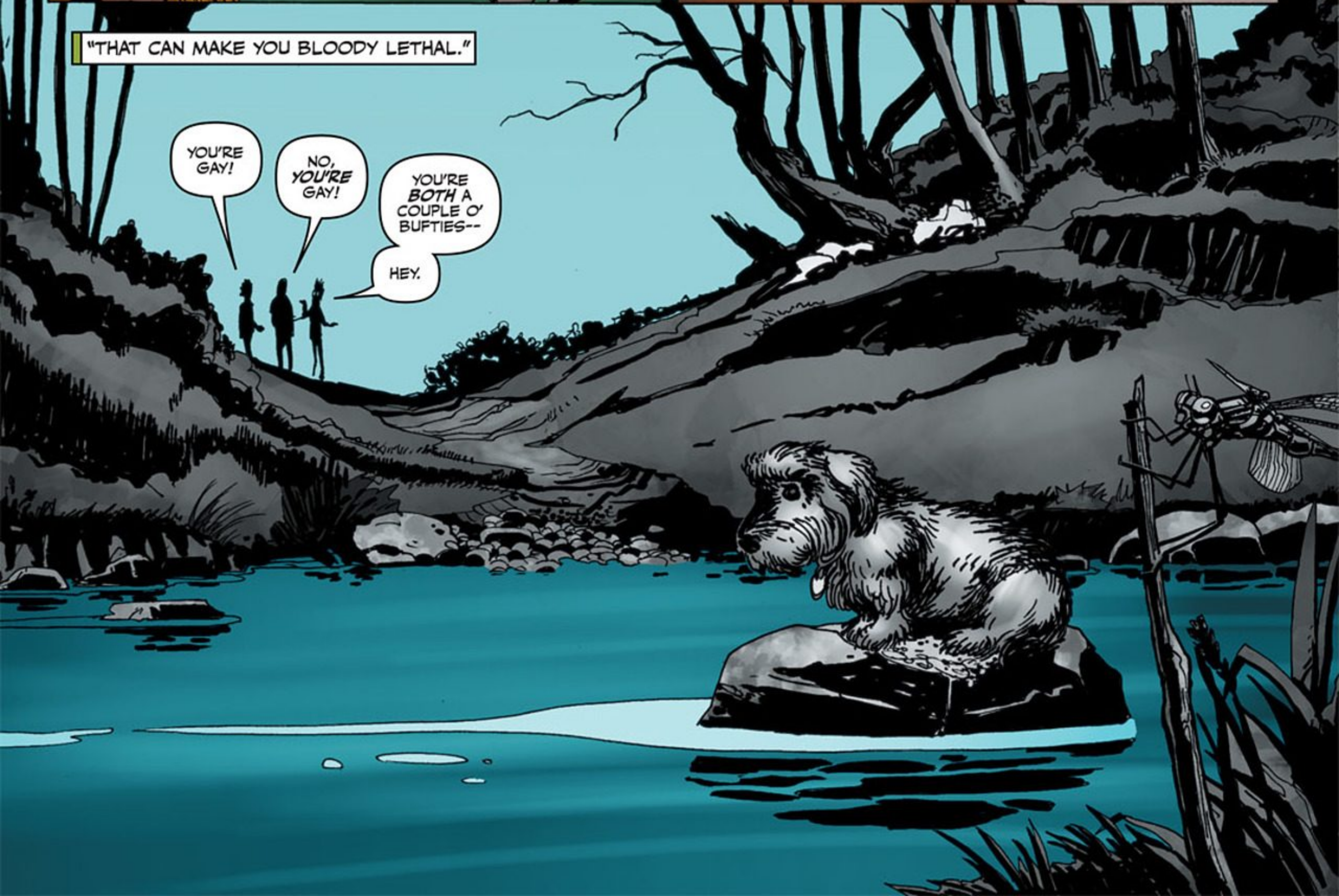


IT'S LIKE...WHEN YOU'RE A KID...

SOMETIMES IDEAS JUST COME TO YOU, AN' YOU'VE NOTHIN' TO STOP THEM TAKIN' HOLD. IT'S LIKE *MORALITY'S* SORTA FURTHER AWAY--IT'S SOMETHIN' GROWN-UPS'VE TAUGHT YOU, SO IT'S NO' ALWAYS THERE TO GET IN YOUR WAY.

AN' IF YOU'VE YOUR MATES WITH YOU--

"THAT CAN MAKE YOU BLOODY LETHAL."



YOU'RE GAY!

NO, YOU'RE GAY!

YOU'RE BOTH A COUPLE O' BUFTIES--

HEY.



HOW DID HE GET STUCK OUT THERE?



I DINNAE KEN...

MMRRNNNN

DAFT WEE BUGGER, HE MUST'VE SWUM OOT AN' GOT STUCK, OR SOMETHIN'.

MMRRNNNN



WE STOOD AN' LOOKED AT HIM FOR AGES. I MEAN WE COULD'VE WADED IN AN' GOT HIM, IT WASN'T DEEP, BUT NOBODY COULD BE ARSED GETTIN' SOAKED.

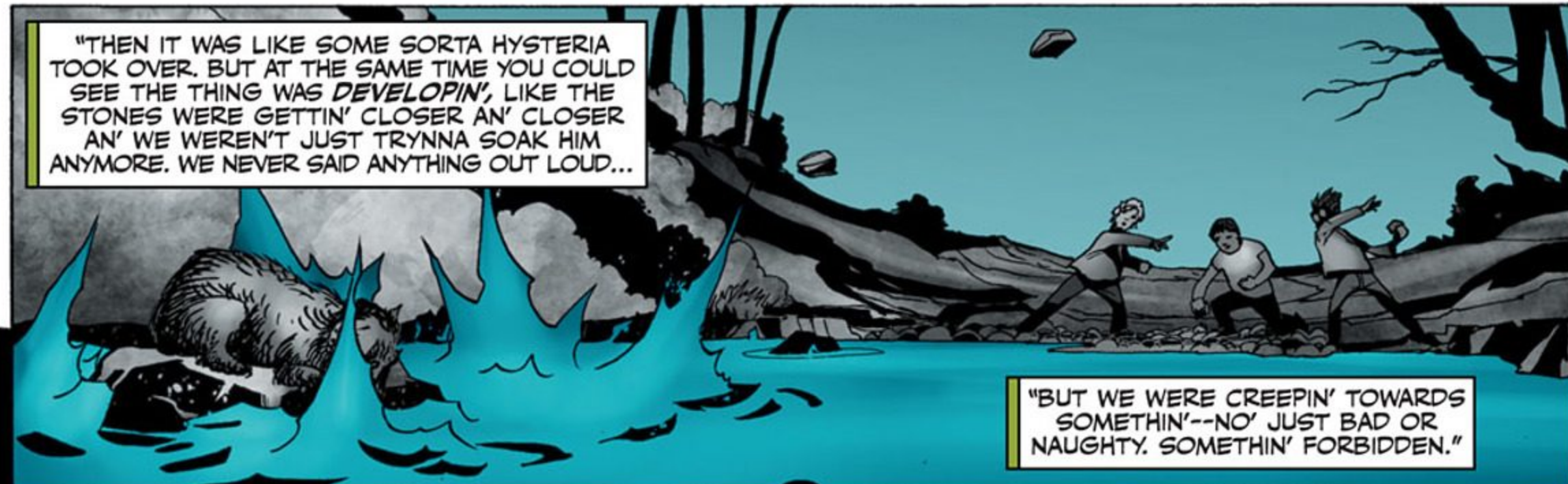
IF YOU'D SEEN US YOU'D'VE THOUGHT WE WERE TRYNNNA WORK OUT HOW TO GET TO HIM, BUT...REALLY WE WERE JUST WAITIN'. FOR ONE OF US TO DO WHAT WE WERE ALL THINKIN'.

EVENTUALLY BOBBY PICKED UP A ROCK.



YAARRP!

HA!!



"THEN IT WAS LIKE SOME SORTA HYSTERIA TOOK OVER. BUT AT THE SAME TIME YOU COULD SEE THE THING WAS *DEVELOPIN'*, LIKE THE STONES WERE GETTIN' CLOSER AN' CLOSER AN' WE WEREN'T JUST TRYNNNA SOAK HIM ANYMORE. WE NEVER SAID ANYTHING OUT LOUD...

"BUT WE WERE CREEPIN' TOWARDS SOMETHIN'--NO' JUST BAD OR NAUGHTY. SOMETHIN' FORBIDDEN."

"I SUPPOSE YOU'D HAVE TO CALL IT EVIL."







HUGHIE...!

"I DIDN'T CARE."



"AND WHEN
I DID GET THERE..."

"HOW I'D DONE IT
WAS A MYSTERY."



...JANET,
IT'S HAMISH!
HE'S WANDERED
OFF AGAIN, A
WEE LADDIE'S
BROUGHT HIM
HOME!



THERE YOU
ARE, SON. THAT'S
AWFULLY GOOD
OF YOU.

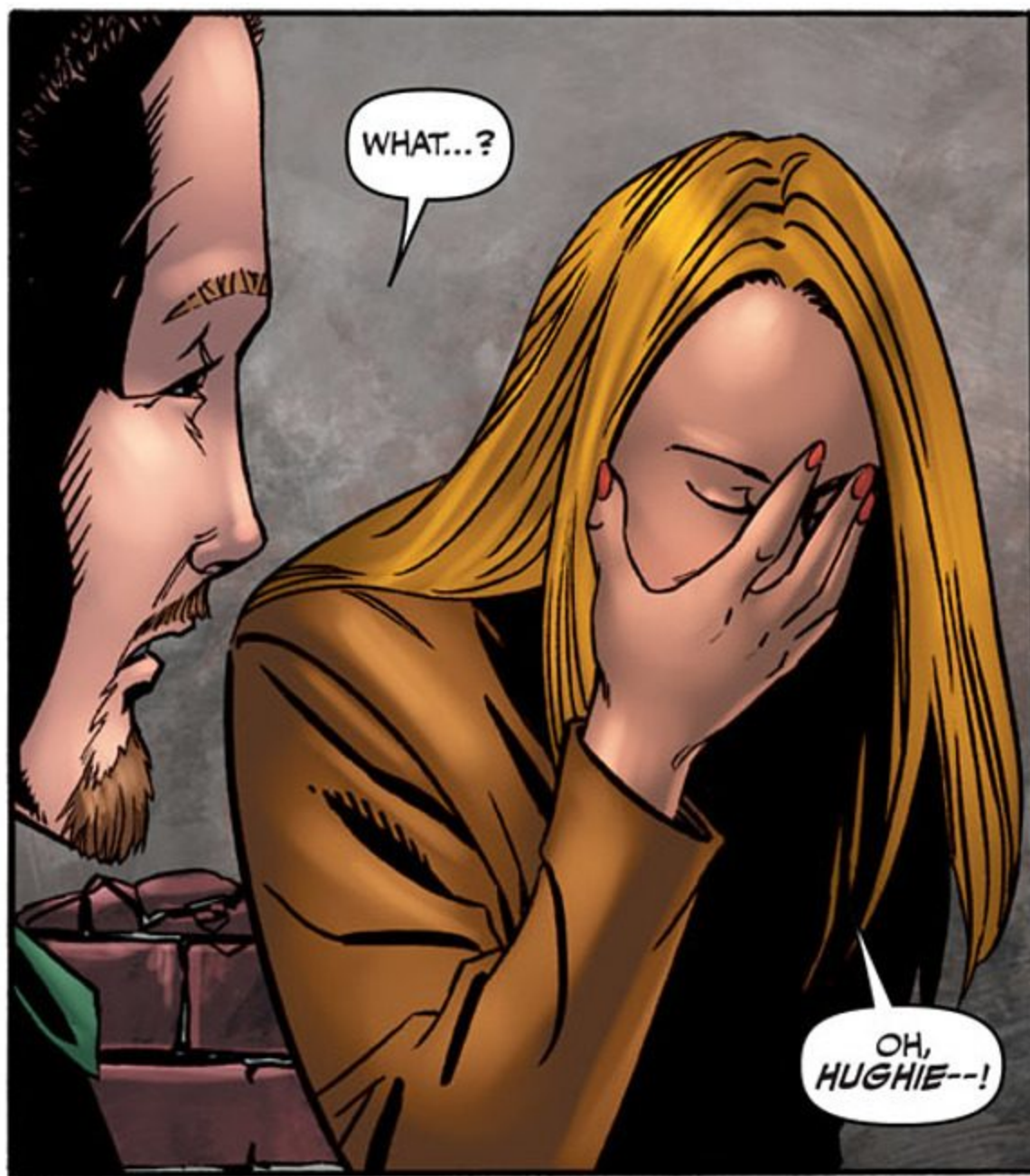
THANKS,
NOW!



THEN
I NEVER SAW
THE WEE DUG
AGAIN...

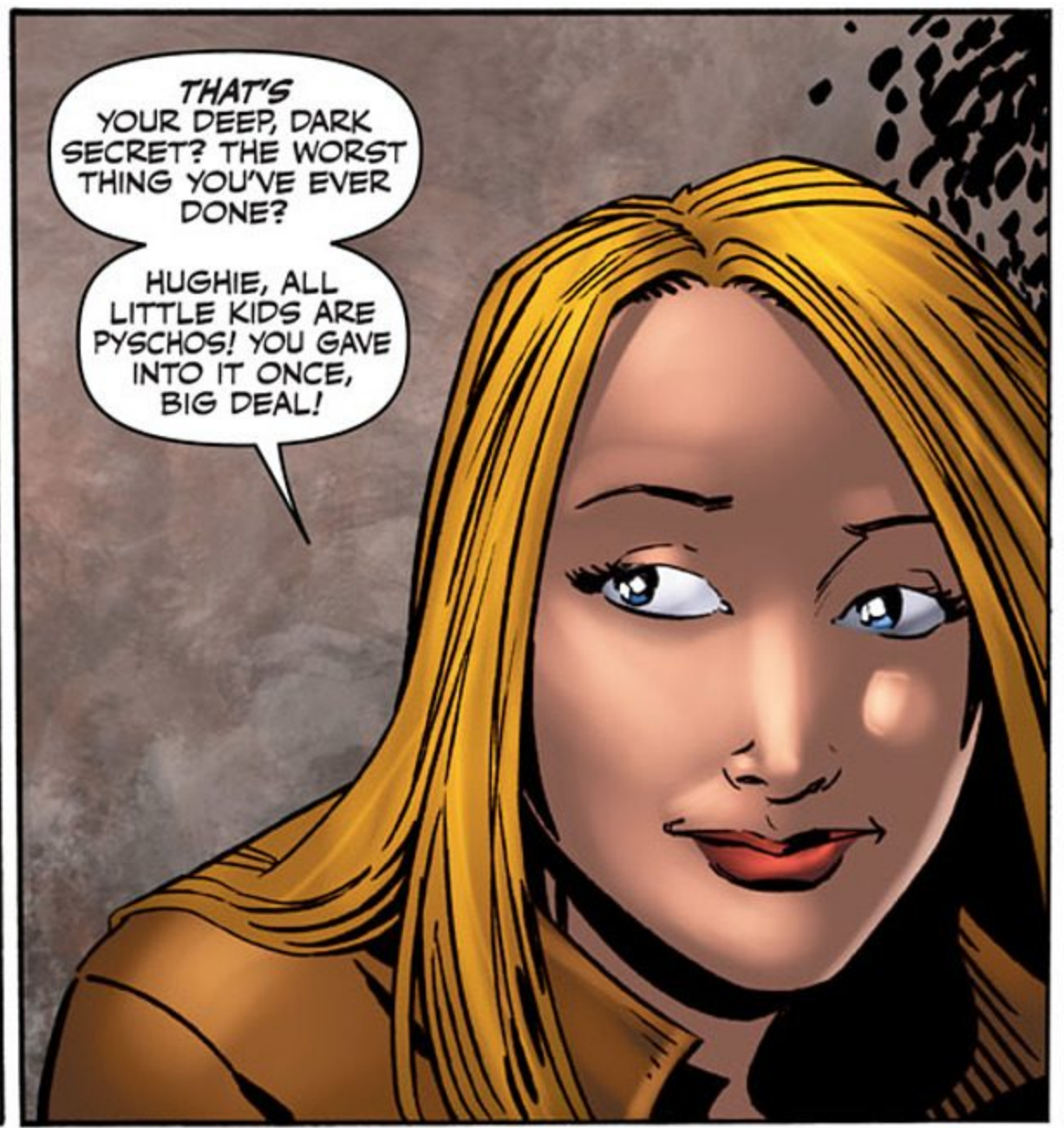
IS
THAT IT?





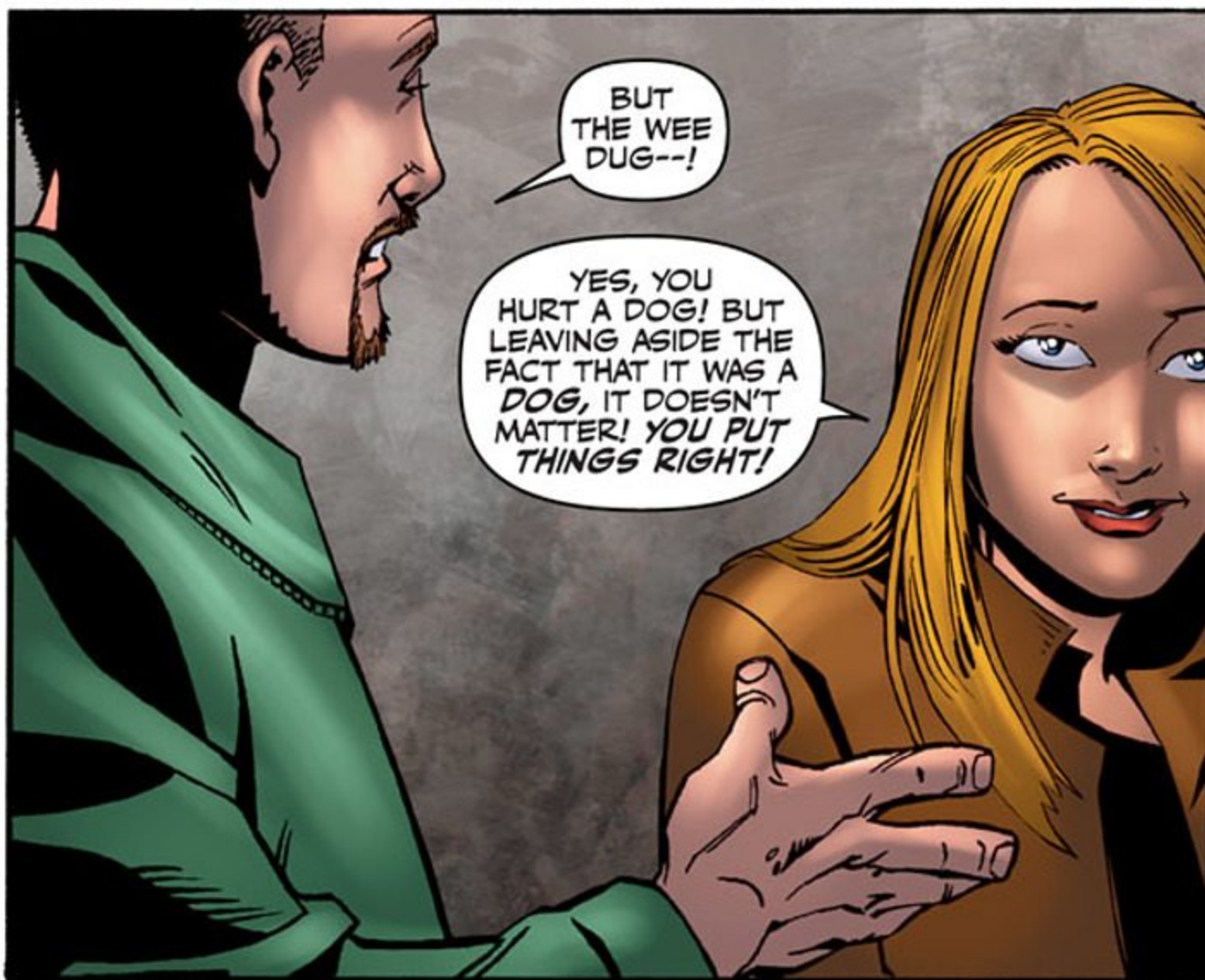
WHAT...?

OH,
HUGHIE--!



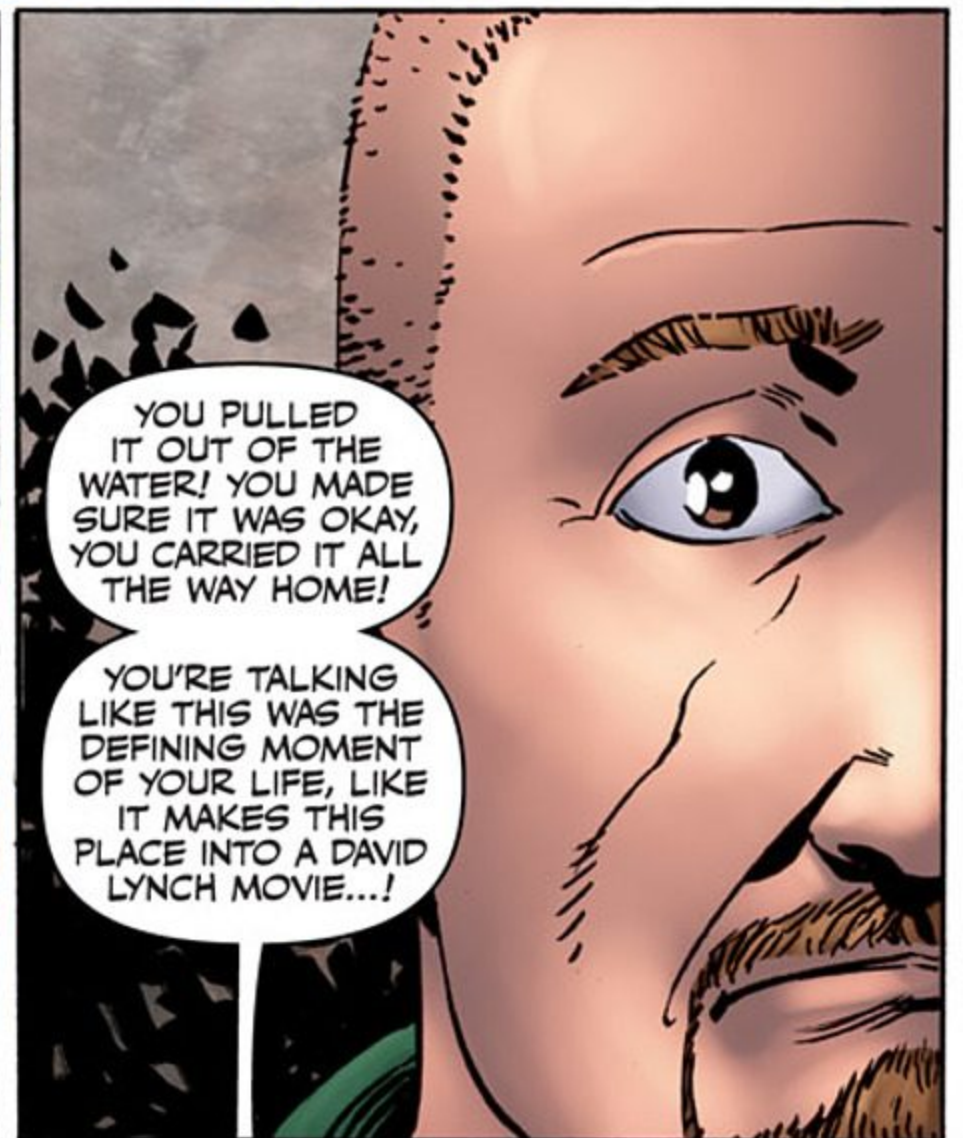
THAT'S
YOUR DEEP, DARK
SECRET? THE WORST
THING YOU'VE EVER
DONE?

HUGHIE, ALL
LITTLE KIDS ARE
PYSCHOS! YOU GAVE
INTO IT ONCE,
BIG DEAL!



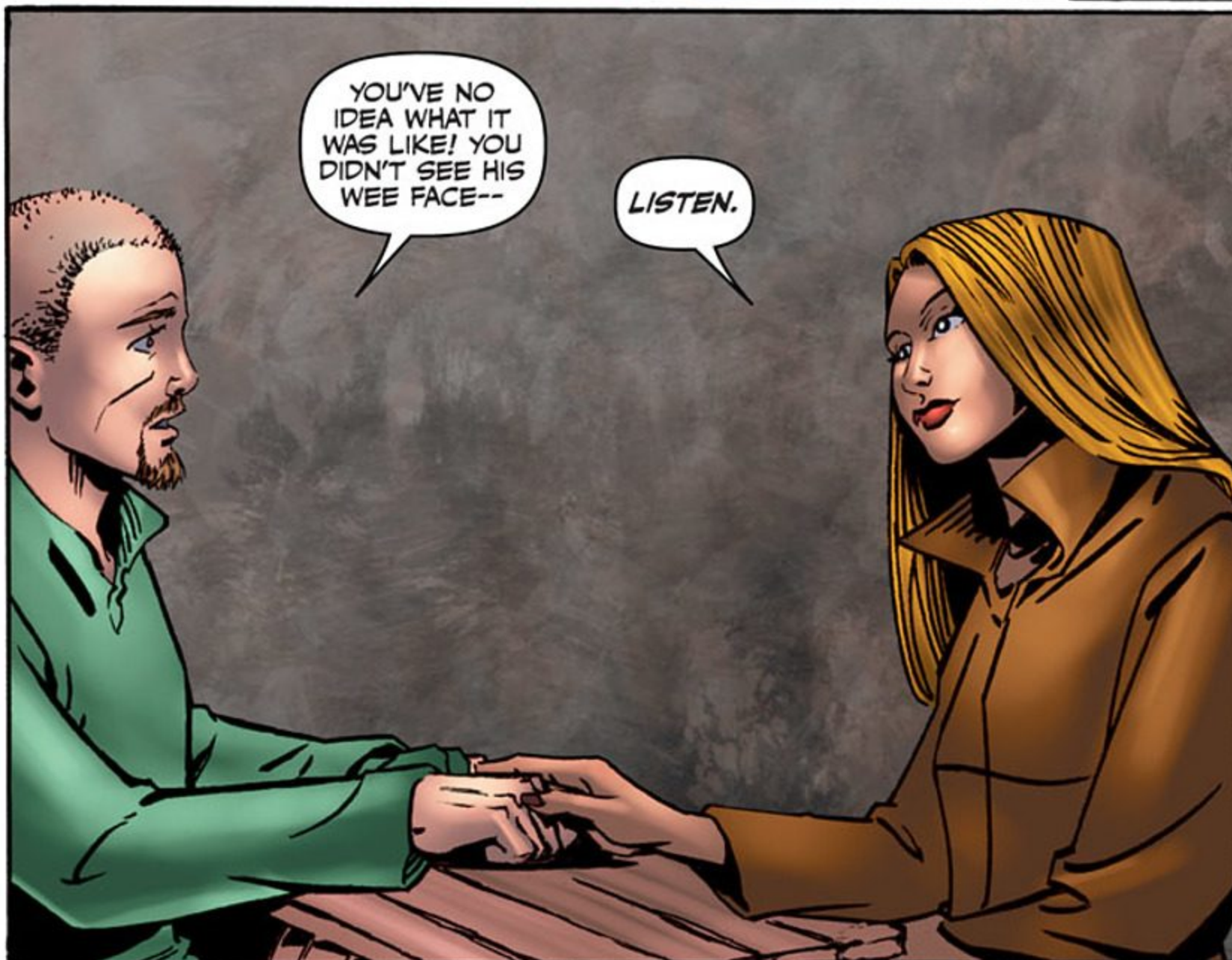
BUT
THE WEE
DUG--!

YES, YOU
HURT A DOG! BUT
LEAVING ASIDE THE
FACT THAT IT WAS A
DOG, IT DOESN'T
MATTER! YOU PUT
THINGS RIGHT!



YOU PULLED
IT OUT OF THE
WATER! YOU MADE
SURE IT WAS OKAY,
YOU CARRIED IT ALL
THE WAY HOME!

YOU'RE TALKING
LIKE THIS WAS THE
DEFINING MOMENT
OF YOUR LIFE, LIKE
IT MAKES THIS
PLACE INTO A DAVID
LYNCH MOVIE...!



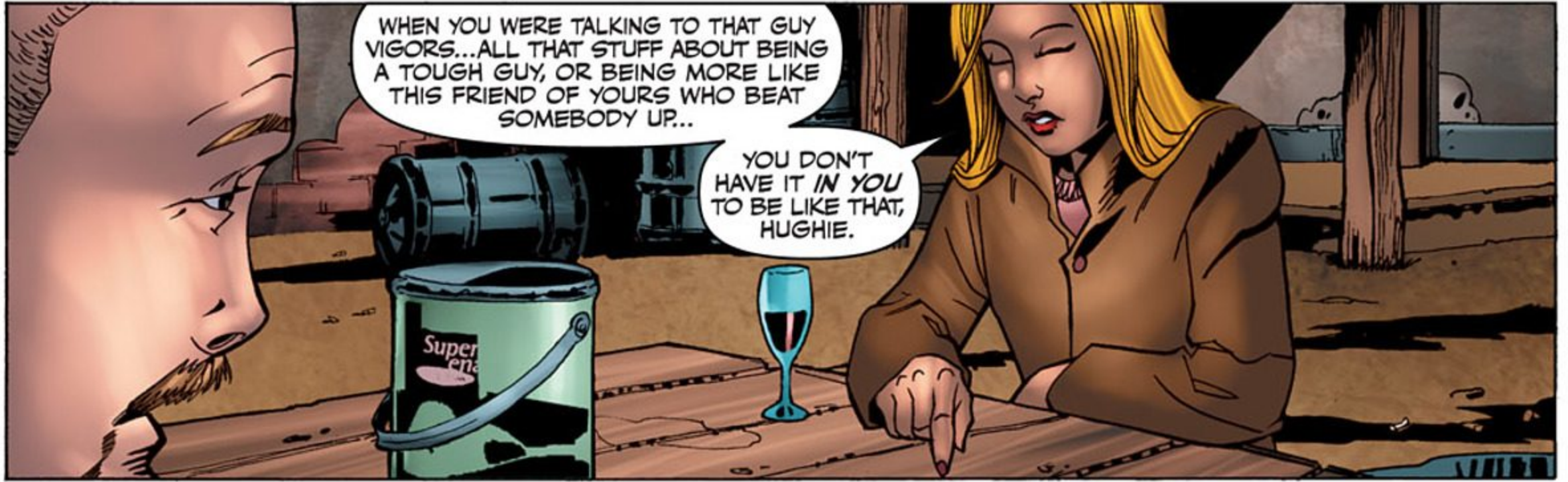
YOU'VE NO
IDEA WHAT IT
WAS LIKE! YOU
DIDN'T SEE HIS
WEE FACE--

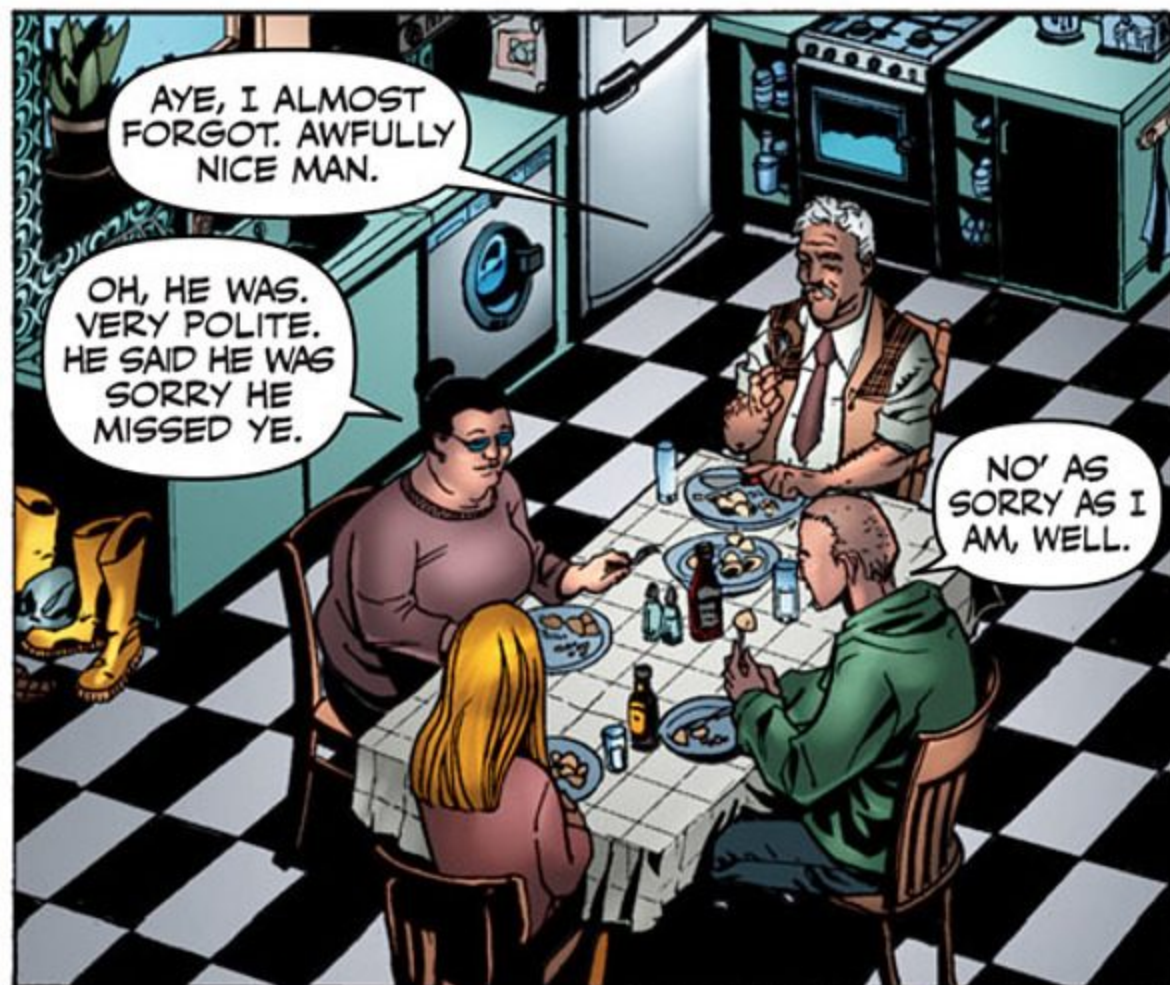
LISTEN.

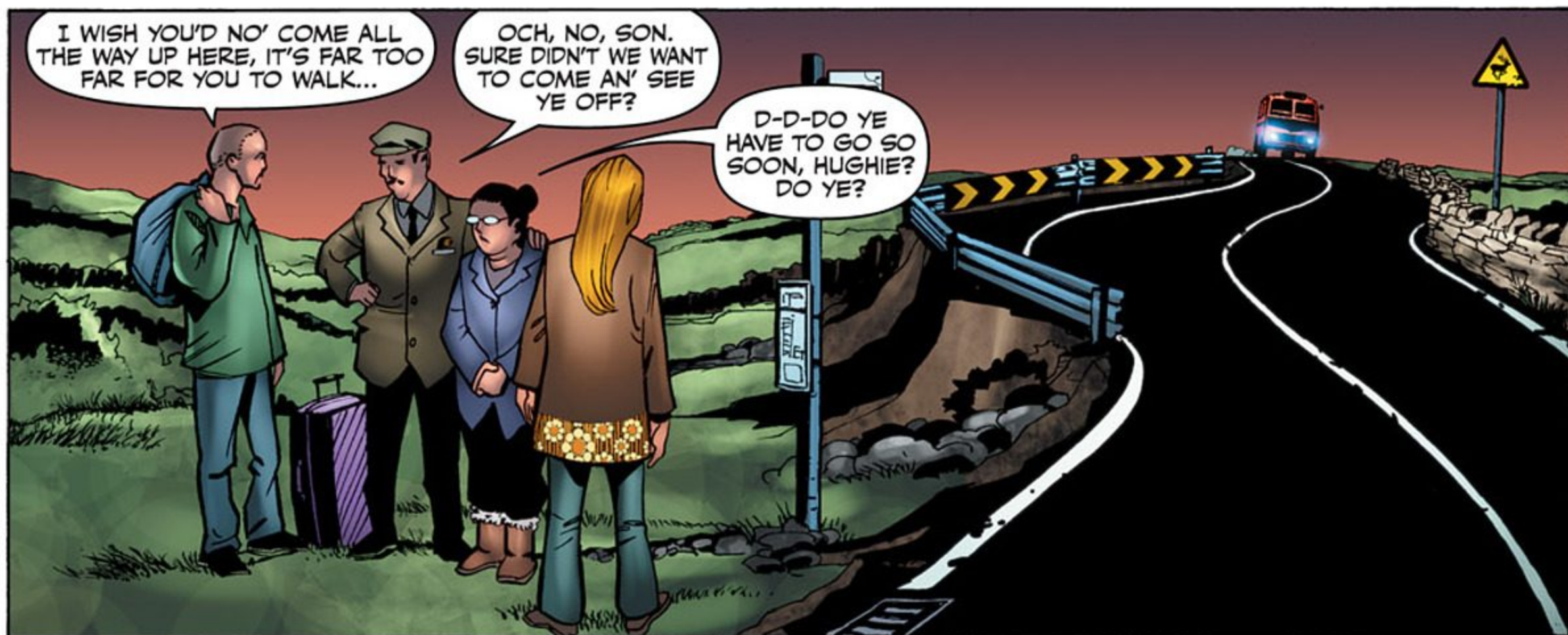


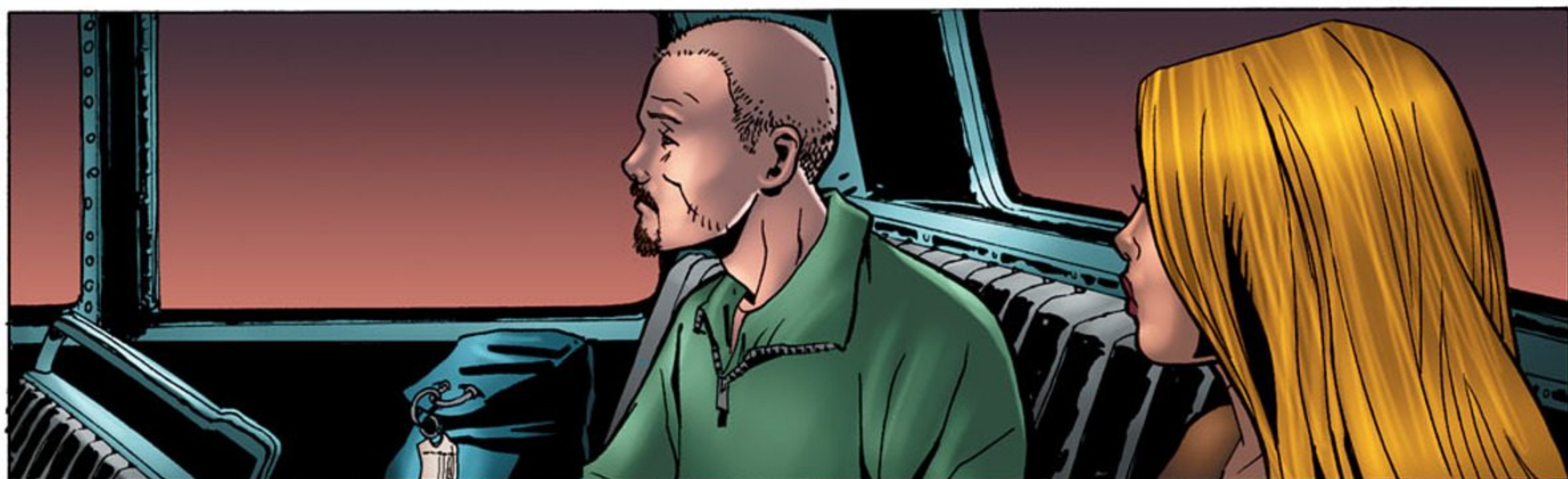
GOD.

I WISH
YOU KNEW
HOW LUCKY
YOU ARE.











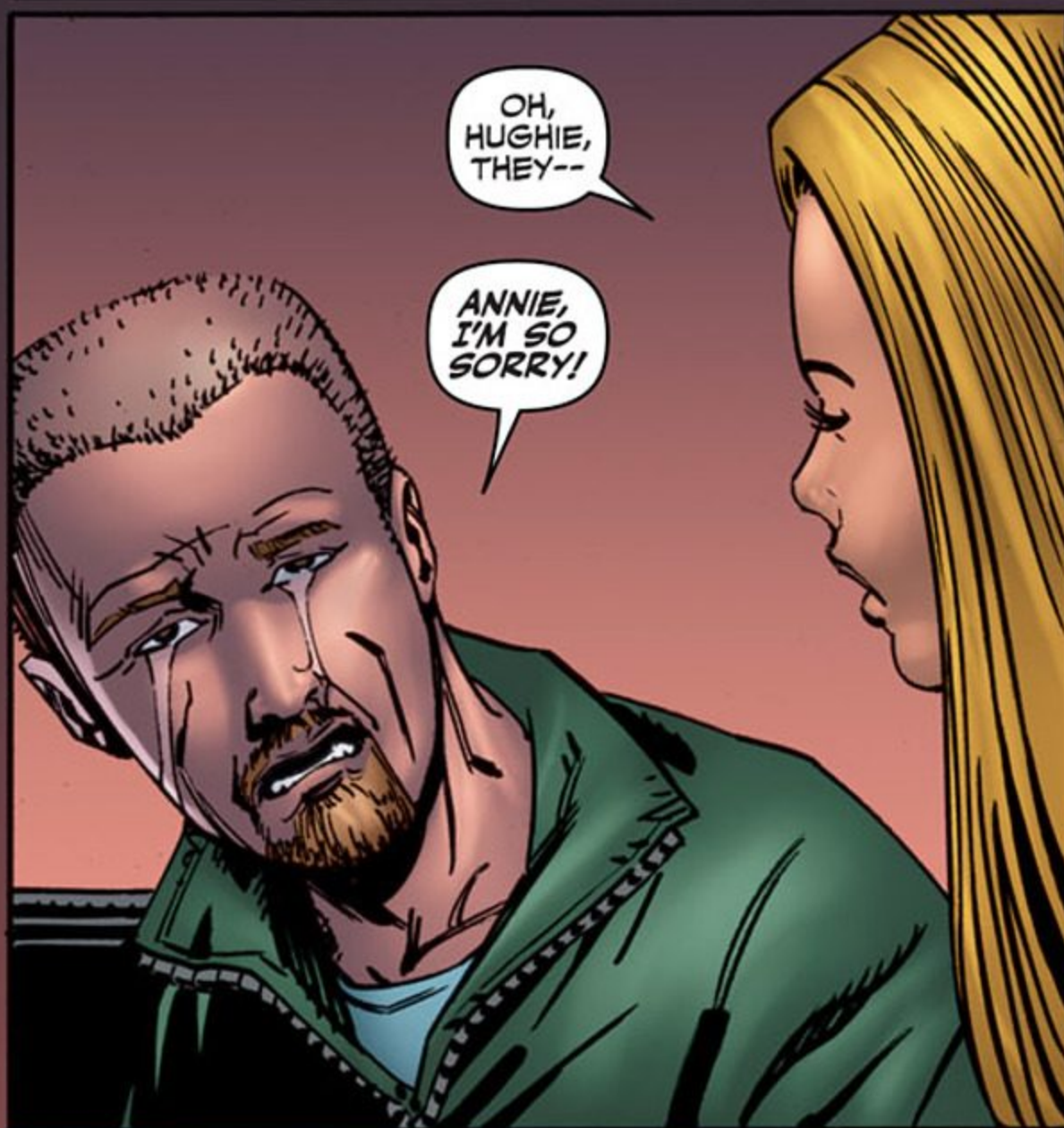
HUGHIE...?

AW
GOD--

AW
GOD--



THEY WERE
NEVER ANYTHING
BUT GOOD TO ME,
WHY CAN'T I JUST
TELL THEM I LOVE
THEM...?



OH,
HUGHIE,
THEY--

ANNIE,
I'M SO
SORRY!



I'M SORRY FOR
EVERYTHING I SAID
TO YOU, I'M SORRY
FOR WHAT I DID!
I'M SORRY!



I'M--

I'M--!

SHH.

